

Locals

Get your fishing and hunting license at Blakely's Drug Store.—Adv.

Moroni Smith and Gordon Hunter are the latest arrivals from overseas service.

FOR SALE.—Round steel granary, 1,000 bushels capacity.—Horton P. Haight, City.—2w, pd.

G. C. Goddard and a company of half a dozen workmen are figuring on going to Van Couver, B. C. to work (and fish) before long.

Try Blakely's Rose Cream for sunburn and rough skin. Gentlemen will find it an excellent cream for after shaving. 25c. a bottle.—Adv.

William G. Platt of Kanarra, who returned a short time since from a mission to the Southern States, is in town today. We acknowledge a short call from him.

Try our cleansing cream on your face after a drive in the wind and dust. It will cleanse the pores and leave the skin soft and cool. Made and sold at Blakely's Drug Store.—Adv.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Fairley of Midvalley, where they are operating a farm for J. David Leigh, were doing business in Cedar City Thursday. The Fairleys were formerly of Sahara.

The following named persons left last Tuesday, June 17th, for a week's fishing trip, by way of Panguitch lake, the Mammoth and locality: Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Sandin, Mrs. Lars Sandin, Mrs. Henry Froyd and children.

Mr. J. B. Morrison is in Cedar City making arrangements to work for the Perry Brothers on their farm north west a few miles from Cedar City. The Record acknowledges a pleasant call or two from Mr. Morrison.

Dr. Middleton is expected to arrive in Cedar City for the camping expedition in the hills in his own car. It is expected that he is bringing Mrs. Middleton and family to visit relatives during his absence with the expedition.

Sunday afternoon a party of young ladies including a good part of the clerks in the business houses and chaperoned by Alex Matheson, went down to Mr. Matheson's farm for a most delightful picnic party. Judging from outside appearances it was one of those best-time-I've-ever-had affairs.

Rulon Dalley returned last evening from Camp Kearney, California, where he has been serving Uncle Samuel as a secretary in the office of the Judge Advocate General. He looks well and states that he enjoyed the work and we have a vision of a busy man in an office across the way who has been looking wistfully forward to the return of his favorite stenographer and typewriter, whose congestion of work will now be relieved. One by one they are getting back to us.

The Record is advised that Doctors Leonard and Stookey of Salt Lake City will accompany the camping expedition into the mountains to leave here tomorrow or Sunday. Dr. Leonard will arrive here from Beaver tonight, and Dr. Stookey will come with the regular Salt Lake contingent tomorrow. On their return from the hills they will remain a day or two in Cedar City and Parowan to perform special operations in their line, for the cure of ear, eye, nose and throat ailments.

SUMMIT

Summit, June 19, 1919.
Herbert White and family have moved to their ranch on the Mammoth.

Mrs. Geo. Smith and family of Minersville are here visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Moroni Dalley.

Mr. Radford has returned from the mountain where he has been herding sheep for the past month.

Joseph B. Dalley and his mother, Mrs. Lettie B. Dalley have gone to Idaho for the summer.

Mrs. Elizabeth Lawrence who has spent the past winter in Cedar is home again.

Everybody is busy getting the first cutting of hay up. The crop is about as heavy as usual.

Mrs. John H. Dalley informally entertained last Thursday, Mrs. Owen, her mother and her daughter, Miss Velma Owen, who are here from South Dakota.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

By Mary Graham Bonner

BUNCH OF KEYS.

The keys were all jingling on the key ring in the man's pocket. After a while he opened a little drawer in his safe, took out something he wanted to work over, and laid his keys on his desk beside him, where he could keep his eyes on them.



"We Did Have a Run!"

his hand so we can't see what the key is doing which is being used.

"He can't hear us talk for he doesn't know the language of keys and we won't disturb him."

"Sometimes," said a second key, "I wish he could hear us. For once we were stolen and he only just got us back in time."

"Oh, that was a narrow escape, and how I did long to call out that we were being stolen. How dreadfully we would have felt to have opened the master's drawers and doors without the master using us."

"Yes, that was a narrow escape," said the biggest key of all, "but the master caught the robber before he had really gotten away with us. He chased after him and caught him. My, we did have a run that time! And how we hated to move!"

"Let's tell of the places we open," said another key. "We can all keep secrets."

"That's so," said still another key. "Well, I open a little part of a sideboard where candy is kept. After meals I am used to open this part so the candy can be taken out and given to the master's children and their friends. I am also used when they're giving parties or when they're having special treats."

"I'm used," said another key, "to open a big money box. I see bills and change and lots of fine money. The money itself isn't so fine, but it can buy lots of nice things if people spend it without being selfish. The money once told me that they all loved the master because he was so generous."

"But they said that some of them had come from a young girl who kept them in her pockets and told her friends how poor she was and then they would give up things and get things for her. Then, when she was all alone she would take out the money and buy herself some things all for herself."

"Oh, the money said that that was horrible. The girl was so selfish. But, in getting changed, some of that money went into the shops and then into the master's drawer, and when that money was taken out again it would be spent in a fine way, for they had heard the master talk."

"I open a drawer in which birthday presents are locked up before the birthday has come," said another key. "I know so many secrets, all about presents and nice things for celebrations."

"I open the cake tin," said another key, "and my master always gives me to my mistress around meal time."

Often she keeps me and I'm not on the key ring, but there is going to be a birthday cake tomorrow and she wanted to be sure no one would see that the birthday cake was already in the cake tin, all decorated with candles.

"So she gave me to the master to keep. Oh, won't there be joy tomorrow, when I open the cake tin and the candles are all lighted. There is going to be a party."

"So I'll be used too," said the candy drawer key.

"And I will too," said the birthday drawer key.

"And I will too," said the key which opened the money box, "for some little treats will be bought."

"We'll jingle tomorrow, all right," said the bunch of keys in chorus, "if we are going to open up secrets and pleasures and treats for a birthday celebration."

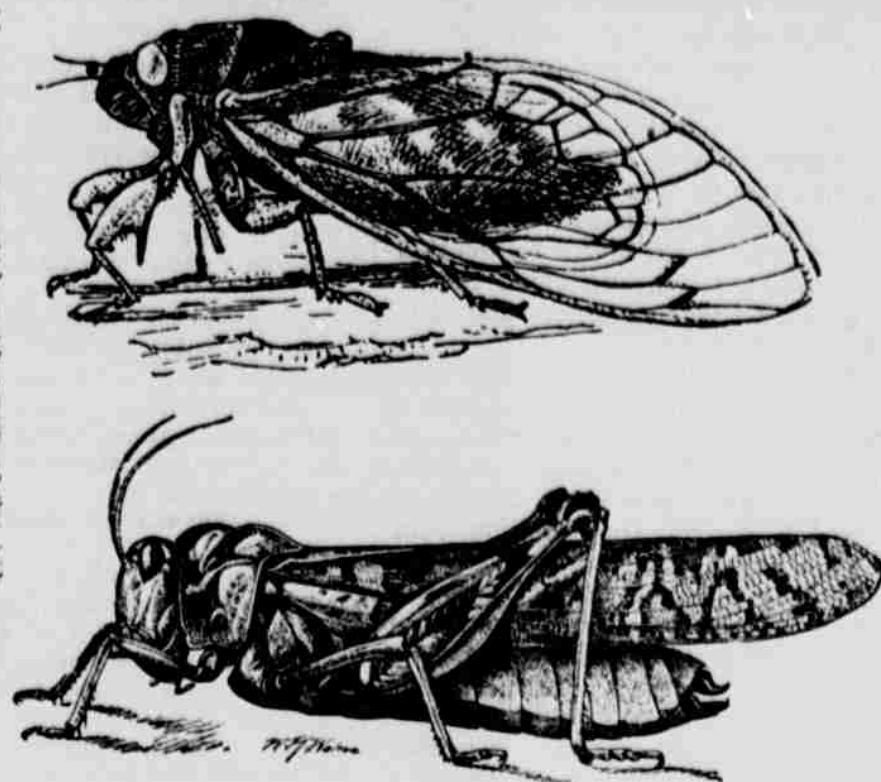
And the keys all sang:
If you're a key, a key,
You can see, can see,
The opening of joys,
For girls and boys.

For the keys opened many drawers and doors which held birthday presents for the master's children.

Prism in the Window.

A prism in a sunny window will paint a whitewashed wall all the colors of the rainbow. If God's blessings shine upon a grateful heart, all the life will take on color and beauty. Hang your little prism in the east window and see what beauty results.—Girl's Companion.

NO REAL SIMILARITY EXISTS BETWEEN PERIODICAL CICADA AND GRASSHOPPER



Above, Periodical Cicada or So-called Seventeen-Year Locust—Below, Real Locust or Grasshopper.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

This is a "locust year," and the usual popular fear and misapprehension attend.

People in that large part of the United States over which the periodical cicada will appear are disposed, as always, to apprehend greater damage than will occur—many times greater. Of the remainder of the United States, large sections are under another misapprehension, which is that the insect about to appear is the real locust that sometimes comes in devastating hordes, sweeping across large sections of country and devouring every green thing. The latter misapprehension is, perhaps, the more widespread and disquieting, according to entomologists of the United States department of agriculture. People who have had experience with the real locust and the ruin it works never forget, and the word "locust," even though it be a misnomer, is likely to be a signal for dread.

Now, the periodical cicada, commonly called the 17-year locust—the insect that will appear in 21 states this spring—is not a locust at all. It is a cicada, member of the family of cicadidae and akin to the dog-day cicada, harvest fly, or dry-weather fly. The real locust—the devastating kind—is a grasshopper.

The periodical cicada, misnamed locust, is strictly an American insect. The real locust, commonly called grasshopper, occurs in many parts of the world and has had its place in history for thousands of years. There are many species. The schistocerca gregaria is the one that plagued the Egyptians and probably the one on which John the Baptist fed. The one that has sometimes ravaged the great plains and other sections of the United States is the melanoplus spretus, a related species.

Have Locust in Common.

The real locust or grasshopper and the so-called locust or periodical cicada have very little in common—nothing, in fact, except that both occur in large numbers and both occasionally have been used as human food, the former mostly by certain peoples of the near East and the latter by the American Indians.

The real locust is an indiscriminate eater, grain fields, corn fields, meadows, pastures, weed patches—everything falls before him. The periodical cicada or so-called locust is dainty at most beyond belief. It was long believed that this insect in the adult stage took no nourishment at all. On rare occasions it had been observed with its beak apparently thrust into twigs, but it was not until 17 years ago, the last previous appearance of the large brood that comes out this year, that it was definitely determined that this belief was erroneous. The "17-year locust" does eat while in the adult stage, but its diet is confined to

the juices of plants, sucked out in very small quantities and without causing appreciable injury to plants.

So far as periodicity of outbreaks is concerned, the real locust or grasshopper is a law unto itself. The hordes may appear any years or not at all. The hordes of the "17-year locust" or periodical cicada appear with a regularity that would almost put to shame a government clock. In spite of their extremely slow development under ground, the multiplied millions of individuals reach maturity and emerge almost at the same moment and exactly 17 years from the date of the previous appearance—that is, if they are of the 17-year race. There is a 13-year race of the periodical cicada. But it is just as regular, just as exactly on schedule, as the other one.

Real Locust a Nomad.

The real locust is a sort of nomadic militant. Its hordes, like those of Attila the Hun or of Genghis Khan, sweep blither and yon, always on the move, destroying as they go. The so-called 17-year locust or cicada is a home body. Stevenson's lovable character, "Will o' the Mill," did not stick so closely to his birthplace as does the periodical cicada. Literally, he abides always "under his own vine and fig tree." The tree from which any individual cicada dropped as a newly-hatched larva 17 years ago is the exact tree under which he will emerge this spring, up which he will most likely crawl to cast his pupal skin, and in which he will meet his mate and sing his love song. In which he will pass his days of decrepitude, and from which, in a few weeks, his dead body will fall, almost upon the spot where he—as a larva—fell 17 years before and burrowed into the ground. Where the periodical cicada came into existence, there he spends his days and dies.

Injury by Insects.

Every crop suffers from the ravages of the real locust. Only trees suffer at all from the 17-year locust, and only very young fruit and ornamental trees are likely to be severely injured. Methods of preventing or minimizing this loss have been worked out and published by the United States department of agriculture.

The insect itself can accomplish comparatively little damage, but fear of the insect may accomplish a great deal, particularly if it is based upon a confusion of the cicada-locust with the grasshopper-locust. Men, believing that the grasshoppers are to eat up their crops this spring, might refrain from planting certain things. It is important, therefore, that the confusion be cleared up, that it be definitely understood by everybody that "the 17-year locust in 1919" means the periodical cicada and not hordes of grasshoppers.

SUPPLY MORE NECTAR FOR THE HONEY BEES

Sweet Clover Is Recognized as Valuable Honey Plant.

Every Effort Should Be Made to Stimulate Production of Substitutes for Sugar—Authorities Asked to Co-operate.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Let the sweet clover grow this year in vacant lots along roadsides and along railway rights-of-way until after the blooming season. Thus provide more nectar for the honey bees and eventually more substitutes for sugar.

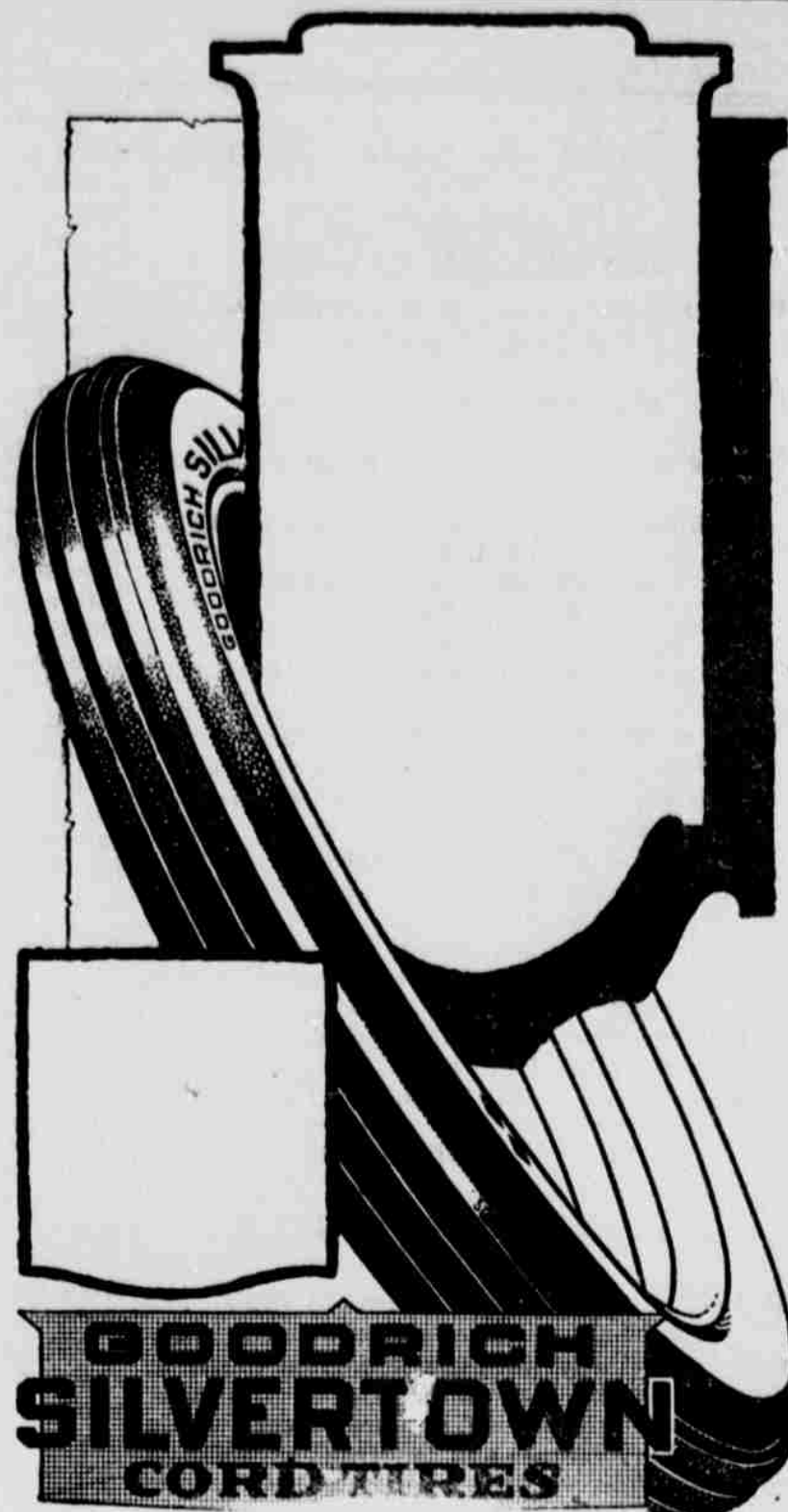
Sweet clover, recognized by beekeepers for many years as a valuable honey plant, has been considered a weed in many places. City, county, and railway authorities as well as farmers have cut the plants before the blooming season, thus preventing them from maturing seed.

It is admitted that sweet clover will make a vigorous growth if unmolested, many of the plants reaching a height of 6 feet, but it is not difficult to eradicate, and sweet clover recently has become well known as a valuable forage plant. Thousands of acres in some sections of the country are planted annually to grow forage crops and

results have justified the rapidly increasing acreage.

The United States must not only increase sugar production for domestic needs, but must ship an increased quantity to the allies. Every effort should be made this year to stimulate production of substitutes for sugar. In localities where sweet clover is growing abundantly, city, county, and railway officials are asked to co-operate with beekeepers and see that all well-known nectar-producing plants, and especially sweet clover, are not cut until after the blooming period. This plan was practiced in at least one locality last year with gratifying results, and it is hoped that all sweet clover growing within a mile of colonies of bees will be permitted to stand until after the blooming period this year.

Sweet clover not only produces an abundant flow of nectar over a long period but does not begin to bloom until the white clover and alsike clover nectar flowing is nearly over, thus supplying an abundance of nectar when few nectar-producing plants are in bloom. Owners of bees are advised to make every effort to bring the importance of sweet clover to the attention of officials in charge of moving plants in vacant lots; along roadsides, and along the rights-of-way of railways, and to endeavor to have the mowing of such places where sweet clover is growing delayed until the flowering period is past. By hearty co-operation to this end, the department says, the production of honey can be considerably increased this year.



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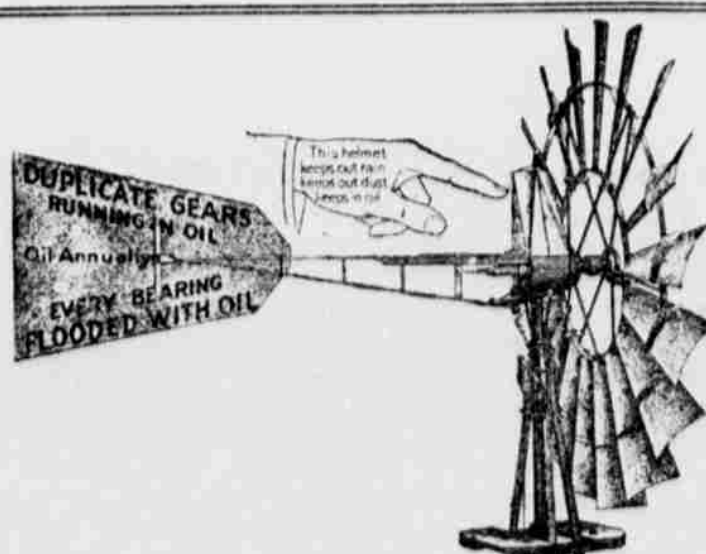
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